The New REPUBLIC

A Journal of Opinion

VOLUME XXVI NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 2, 1921 NUMBER 326

Contents

The Week 1

Editorials
- The Harding Cabinet 3
- Russia: What Next? 4
- Does Ireland Matter? 6
- The Teacher Among Free Men 8

General Articles
- Latter Day Nomads ..... M. E. Ravage 10
- Convalescence ..... Helen Coale Crew 12
- The Labor Spy ..... Sidney Howard 14
- Labor's Challenge to Education .. Henry de Man 16

Verse ..... Bernice Lesbia Kenyon, Alice Corbin 18

Books and Things ..... P. L. 19

Reviews of Books
- From Penna. to Havana ..... F. H. 20
- The Music of the Unconscious ..... Louis Untermeyer 21
- The Behavior of Crowds ..... W. L. 22

Selected Current Books 24

The Week

RING out the old; ring in—something a little older. Will Americans, before the next four years are over, begin to think of Wilson days as the "good old days"? Or, to put it differently, may not people slowly begin to perceive what Mr. Wilson really did for his country and for the world? It may some day be possible, as in time the fog of recent bitterness and passion dissolves, to weigh Mr. Wilson's failures in practical achievement against the blow he struck at the old notions of how to run the world. In the disappointment that it was not a death blow it is too easy to forget how damaging it was. It is only a few years ago that his words about a peace of reconciliation and a League of Nations were spoken, and as the world is just now apparently no better off because of them, one feels inclined to doubt whether they were as great as they seemed at the time, or as important as the people who come after us will think they were. But surely time will vindicate the greatness of many of the things Mr. Wilson said, and the ideas he believed in, and time will show him to have been great himself for saying them and believing them. Yet so powerful was the ideal he created that no argument on his part could convince mankind that he had realized it. Mr. Wilson was raised to greatness by forces outside himself, and by those forces, when he denied them, brought down again. His words blasted deep into the foundations of evil. Though evil and tyranny and selfishness in high places still seem to rule the world, every Bastille has its day. And Mr. Wilson helped to bring that day nearer.

THIS week the Democratic party passes under a four year eclipse. And appropriately enough, at about the same time, Mr. Bryan comes out with a platform calculated to breathe new life into his party. This platform is true to the American tradition of what a platform should be: it is a miscellaneous collection of some twenty-two planks or issues of all sizes, shapes and colors. The general tone, besides being vague, is "progressive." The planks, however nailed together, would not remotely resemble a structure of statesmanship. They include arbitration, international and industrial; a referendum on war, a single six year term for the President, government operation of necessary monopolies, voting by mail, enforcement of prohibition, federal action to keep Liberty bonds at par, reduction of taxation. These phrases hardly foreshadow a rebirth of the Democratic party. It is under the banner of just such generalities that Mr. Bryan has for years been trying to lead his party back to the people.

THE Emergency Tariff bill just passed by the Senate may never get to the President, and if it does it will certainly be vetoed by him. In itself, then, the bill need not concern us much. It is interesting on account of the curious states of mind

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of the legislators who passed it. The farmers of all parts of the country, each one clamoring for relief and protection for his particular crop, have found the Senators only too willing to translate their desires into a chaotic bill, into what Senator Moses calls a "misshapen brat" of a bill, suffering from "congenital economic rickets." The vote on the bill was rather illuminating on another point. A number of Republican insurgents—La Follette, Johnson, Borah, Gronna, France, voted for it. Republican insurgency began in about 1909, and became very hot the year after in its opposition to the protectionist Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill, which was from the insurgents' point of view a less objectionable measure than the one they have just voted for.

IS the personality of General Wood as disturbing to the Republican administration as it was to the Democratic? For apparently Senator Harding, by offering him the position of Governor General of the Philippines, is going to treat him almost exactly as did the Democrats. It would be strange if the General, after running for the Presidency and after being boomed for Secretary of War, should accept. And there is a good reason, other than the personal one, why the General is not the best choice for Governor of the Philippines. Any general would be a poor choice. It is twenty years since the United States has been represented in the Islands by a military man. The Filipinos expect to be independent. To send a military man to govern them would, however unjustly perhaps, foreshadow in the minds of many of the natives a delay in independence. Says a statement from the Philippine Press Bureau in Washington: "In colonial relations the military has always been antagonistic to the nationalistic ideals of the people it has been sent to watch over." Whether true or not, this is not nearly so important as the fact that the Filipinos believe it.

IF we insist on any regular scheme of payment, it is difficult to see how Europe can avoid cancellation, in one form or another, of its ten billion dollar debt to the United States. Senator Willis of Ohio, who is as opposed to cancellation as, no doubt, are most Americans, suggested—in a speech at Grand Rapids—a way around the difficulty: Why not let France and Great Britain sell us their West Indies at a generous figure? The West Indies are very rich, Senator Willis points out, and they would be particularly valuable to us as the "natural guardians" of Cuba and the Panama Canal. It would be quite possible to place a flat cash value on the West Indies as strategic defenses of the Canal, but can anyone estimate the value of the South American confidence in us that might dwindle away as we gradually extended our possessions southward? Senator Willis does not even hint that a minimum of justice would require us to find out if the natives wanted to be governed by us before we bought their islands. It is not easy for Americans to realize what effect the acquisition or occupation, one after another, of Cuba, Porto Rico, Panama, Santo Domingo, Haiti, the Virgin Islands has had on our southern neighbors. To avoid making a bad impression in Latin America, the purchase of the West Indies would have to go hand in hand with an unmistakably generous Mexican policy.

UNEMPLOYMENT seems to be taken by most people other than the unemployed as if it were scarcely more than an inconvenient and recurrent epidemic. No one is worrying much about it, except labor. But labor is thinking hard. The Chicago Federation of Labor has drawn up a plan to deal with unemployment. Its first immediate demand is that federal authorities divert credit from speculators to legitimate constructive enterprises, particularly house-building. Next, the city, state or national governments should at once begin public works already projected. If these measures do not bring relief, the Federation will arrange a scheme for employment on part-time. These are common-sense suggestions, and if accepted at once they would reduce unemployment perceptibly. Another demand of the Federation is less certain to give immediate results. This is a demand for the opening of trade relations with Russia. For the quantity of orders the Soviet government is able to place here would depend on necessarily long-winded negotiations between governments.

AS permanent cures for unemployment the Chicago Federation of Labor proposes that the work-day be permanently shortened until every one has a job; that each industry shall support continuously all the workers it employs by guaranteeing them a minimum number of hours a week; that the government's labor department shall work out a system of federal employment agencies; that the state labor department have power to examine the books of any company that causes a shut-down. The principle that each industry shall support its own unemployed is one that must be established if a real solution of unemployment is to be made. The reduction of daily hours of work, in so far as it would relieve workers from undue strain, is a desirable reform; as a contribution to the solution of unemployment, however, there does not appear

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to be much in it. Universal part time is pretty sure to work out as universal part pay. But there is a fifth demand by the Federation that jumps far ahead of all these others; that, if unemployment is to be prevented, credit and banking must be made a public utility.

THE National Civic Federation thinks of socialism as a virus existing outside of any group of society and craftily worming its way in. A report just made to the Federation by Mr. Everett P. Wheeler, the Chairman of its committee on Socialism in the Churches, finds that the Bolsheviki, unable to stir up much sympathy among the workers, have tried to gain a foothold in the Presbyterian, Episcopal and Methodist churches, and have partially succeeded. "It is a matter of concern . . ." says the report, "that there is a small but active element in the churches which appears to be impatient with the slow and orderly process of political and economic evolution, and has espoused Marxian doctrines as supplying the only solution for existing problems." And it goes on to point with alarm at a few of the nests of Bolshevik religion, particularly the Labor Temple in New York. We imagine that nothing in the world will ever cause the Civic Federation to abandon its belief that the Bolsheviki are something outside of us trying to bore their way and corrupt. We shall not try to convince them that this, and for that matter nearly everything else that they believe about Bolshevism, is pure nonsense. And it would be idle to try to prove to them that they strike many people as one of the world's last irreducible strongholds of trivial intolerance.

The Harding Cabinet

APPARENTLY Mr. Harding's cabinet is a mixture of oil and water. One man, Mr. Hughes, and perhaps two others, represent his conscience: a sense of what is expected of the man who is President. The others represent his cronies, or what he would call his involvements. But for Mr. Hughes, Mr. Hoover if he joins, and perhaps one other, the Harding cabinet is the perfect product of exactly those men who drove Roosevelt to rebellion in 1912. Men like Mr. H. M. Daugherty and Senator A. B. Fall are unspeakably bad appointments. They are full blown specimens of the manipulating politician who serves private and predatory interests. And according to the information at present available they are to operate in the two departments of the government—Justice and the Interior, that are most rich in spoils. To the tender mercies of Fall, Mr. Harding proposes to entrust the national domain; to Daugherty he proposes to hand over the enormous and intricate powers, the immense influence and the huge patronage, of the Attorney-General's office. If he adheres to that intention he will have made a mockery of the Republican promises about the appointment of able men.

One can speak with less certainty about the others. Mr. Will Hays as Postmaster-General is probably as good as the average appointee to that office, and a good deal better than Mr. Burleson. That it is bad business to select a political manager to handle the patronage of that office is, of course, true. But every President has done it, and if Mr. Hays were the only concession to that bad principle, he would be acceptable. For personally he is a man of considerable ability and enlightenment. He represents something a good deal better than the worst which his party has to offer. For Mr. Hert of Kentucky one can say less. No one, for example, has said anything about his knowledge of naval affairs, and probably no one can. Yet he is to have the spending of the immense sums of money appropriated by Congress to create an unequalled navy. Bad as it is to spend that money at the present time, it is ever so much worse to have it spent by a man who offers no guarantee whatever that he knows anything about a navy. How ridiculous it is: the party which boasts that it contains the ablest men in America, and has some evidence for its boast, can find no better reason for choosing a Secretary of the Navy than that he managed to carry Kentucky for the Republicans. About Mr. Edwin Denby's qualifications for Secretary of the Navy we know nothing.

Mr. John W. Weeks's claim to administer the army is that he once trained for the navy, and then abandoned it for politics and banking. Mr. Weeks is supposed to be a fairly good executive. His views on military policy we do not know. The Treasury, it is said, will go either to Mr. Mellon of Pittsburg or to Mr. Dawes of Chicago. In regard to both of them we prefer to wait and see. About Mr. Wallace who is mentioned for Agriculture, we hear good things but nothing very definite. About Mr. John J. Davis, mentioned for Labor, we hear nothing except that he is somehow related to the A. F. of L. That in itself is no recommendation whatever, and the only thing to be said is that to regard that post as patronage for the A. F. of L. is bad policy and bad statesmanship. The Department of Labor is an opportunity for a man of knowledge and imagination, and it will never be much of a department until some man of large calibre makes it important. If Mr. Hoover is to be in the cabinet that is where we should have liked to see him. Of Mr. O'Connor, also mentioned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

for Labor, we have every reason to think highly.

There remains Commerce, and the possibility of Mr. Hoover. If he should take that place it would mean that he was virtually a minister without portfolio. But it is not a bad job for him. It would imply that Mr. Hoover, only partly occupied by his departmental duties, would range afield. And if in his ranging he should encounter Mr. Hughes and fall into the habit of cooperating with him, the two men together would exercise a healthful influence on the rest of the administration. They are the two men, the only two men, in whom the people at large have genuine confidence, and in every great conflict the people would turn to them for protection. Both of them take enormous personal risks in entering such a cabinet, and both of them will be tested to the limit. Of them much is expected; of the others practically nothing, or worse than nothing. They are consequently in a very difficult position, for no matter how well they do their separate tasks, they will carry more than their personal fraction of responsibility for what the cabinet as a whole decides. But their responsibility is also their power. Mr. Harding will not fail to know that he cannot hope to avoid failure unless he avoids a break with these two statesmen among his politicians. That knowledge may secure a better hearing for them than they would otherwise receive. For they are not close to Mr. Harding. They are not his intimates. Mr. Daugherty and Mr. Fall are the intimates. Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover will have just squeezed by. And therefore, only by definitely putting aside all other ambitions, such as might for example be represented by the Supreme Court or the gratitude of politicians in 1924, can their statesmanship make itself felt.

Russia: What Next?

SOME change in the Russian policy of the United States may confidently be expected after March 4th. Very little of the foreign policy of Woodrow Wilson is likely to recommend itself to the Republicans as worthy of perpetuation; least of all those items of foreign policy that consist in patiently waiting for the river to flow by, or flow back up hill. Our Russian policy, ever since we fell into the rear of the "westward moving Czecho-Slovaks," has seemed ridiculous to most persons to whom it has not seemed pernicious. It is certain to give way to another policy. But to what policy? That remains entirely uncertain.

It is quite possible that if the Republicans had been in power when Kolchak and Denikin stood at the top of their fortunes, the United States might have joined actively instead of passively in Allied intervention. The Republicans do not yield to any party in their horror of Bolshevism and their fear of it. It is quite possible that if a new interventionist movement gets under way the Republicans may give it their sympathy. They will not endeavor, like Wilson and his satellites, to bolster up the claims of the scattered members of the Constituent Assembly. There is no longer any thrill in attacks on the Soviet government in the name of a hypothetical Russian democracy. The watchword of the interventionists now is constitutional monarchy—piously trusted to evolve into democracy at some later time. John Hays Hammond, whose opinion is certainly not without weight with the Republicans around Harding, is a zealous convert to the constitutional monarchy idea. There are no doubt many more converts among our captains of industry and leaders of finance. But it is an idea which will not readily fire the imagination of the mass of American voters. The Republicans have no stake in Russia sufficiently important to justify them in assuming the political risks attached to the support of a monarchical movement. Disinterestedness in Russia appears to be their safest policy.

But what would disinterestedness mean, in the concrete? Recognition of the Soviet government, without waiting for England and France to settle their economic and political arrangements with it? A conference with the Allied governments, to agree upon a common policy? Or the complete abandonment of Russia to the disposition of the Allies, on the ground that we ought to take our cue from the European Powers in European matters, as we expect them to take their cue from us in American matters? What the last plan would signify, practically, would be some sort of de facto recognition, with the opening of trading relations so far as the Allies interposed no objections. No considerable progress would be made toward the solution of the world problem of Russia, but neither would the policy involve commitments and entanglements. That policy looks to us so harmonious with the tradition which Harding represents that we shall assume it to be the coming policy, until evidence of something different is available.

If then the Soviet leaders are looking to Harding's inauguration to institute a change that will lift them out of their present position of outlawry, they are, we believe, doomed to disappointment. They will have to make their arrangements with the European Powers first. They already have won what is most important, a respite from armed intervention. They need assurances that they will

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

be left to work out their destinies in peace, and beyond that, they need practicable trading arrangements. Are they likely to secure these benefits at the hands of the European statesmen? So far as we can judge, the matter rests ultimately with the Soviet leaders themselves.

For the same forces that defeated intervention in the past remain available to defeat any future intervention, and eventually to open the channels of trade with Russia, if the Soviet leaders appraise them correctly and refrain from all attempts to utilize them improperly. Those forces are not the military resources of the Soviet government. The Russian army, is, indeed, the largest army in the world; it appears to be fairly well organized and officered; it contains hundreds of thousands of as brave soldiers as the race produces. And yet it is not a formidable army, as compared with those which fought on the western front in the late war. The reason it is not formidable is of course that it lacks the industrial backing essential to heavy fighting. Russia is not in a condition to supply herself with the vast quantities of munitions and cannon, of railway and motor transport equipment required by modern war. Nor will she soon be in such condition. Even is she were given a generation of absolute peace her industries would remain backward as compared with those of England, Germany and France, because her natural endowment does not lend itself to large scale industry. Russian strategy in modern war is doomed to be mainly a strategy of retreating. And this is not the Napoleonic era, in which wars could be won by retreating. The Soviet government would have fared badly under a vigorous thrust from the West. It will fare badly in the future if the western nations set themselves seriously to the task of overthrowing it.

The western governments were sufficiently disposed toward making such an attack—and probably still are—but they limited their activity mainly to the subsidizing of counter-revolutionary movements of slight military value. Why? Because of the extreme unpopularity of the interventionist policy. The mass of the populations of England, France, Italy and the United States have been unable to see any reason why they should undertake the immense sacrifice of a prolonged war merely to throw down one Russian government and set up another. There is not a single western state in which a majority, or even a considerable minority of the people regard the Bolshevik government as inherently a desirable government. It is generally regarded as an oligarchy, and an exceptionally ruthless oligarchy, whatever its justification for ruthlessness. But the mass of the western populations is not prepared to go crusading against oligarchies in general, still less against the one oligarchy in the world which happens to be controlled by men thrown to the front from out of the masses of the unprivileged. A really serious offensive against the Soviet government can hardly be undertaken so long as the peoples remain in this mood.

But suppose that the Bolshevik leaders go mad and adopt an offensive strategy instead of the defensive strategy which has hitherto preserved them from destruction; could they then count on popular resistance in the west to a policy of vigorous intervention? Certainly not. The western peoples are no more eager to have their affairs set straight from Moscow than they were to be subjugated and drilled into efficiency from Berlin. This the Bolshevik leaders ought to be able to see; but do they? That question lies at the bottom of the Russian problem, as it now manifests itself.

For the Bolsheviki draw their spiritual inspiration from Marxism, and Marxism contemplates, not an economic revolution in any single nation, but a revolution involving the whole system of interrelated industrial states. If you had asked any orthodox Marxist, ten years ago, what function an economic revolution in Russia could subserve, he would have answered unhesitatingly that it could be nothing more than a preliminary skirmish to open the general class war in Europe. If you had asked him whether an initially successful revolution in Russia should be staked against the chance of a wider revolution, he would have answered yes, without hesitation. Now, the Bolsheviki must have learned a great deal since they came into power. But have they gained sufficiently in practical insight to realize that the general European revolution is not ready to come off, and that any efforts they may make to hasten it can have no other effect than to prepare the way for their own downfall?

That is hard to say. It is well known that many of the Bolsheviki, apparently Lenin and Zinoviev among them, have a grotesquely exaggerated view of the possibilities of revolution in the west. According to the illuminating articles of Isaac Don Levine in the Globe it was such an exaggerated view that led to the disastrous decision of the Soviet Council to carry the Polish war to the point of conquest, in the belief that Poland would then embrace the communistic system. The imperious quality of Lenin's pronunciamentos to socialistic bodies abroad reveal similar illusions. Apparently he imagines that there is an immense volume of communistic spirit at large needing only to be crystallized around his formulae in order to acquire potency enough to overturn the existing scheme of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

industry and government. It can hardly be doubted that such illusions are a menace to the peace of Russia and of the world. In so far as they prevail, they operate to entice the Russian revolution toward the offensive strategy that would ultimately ruin it utterly.

There are, however, moderates as well as extremists in the Soviet government, men who recognize that there can be no permanent results from revolution unless new institutions are built up to take the place of those that have been broken down. These men are primarily occupied with the problems of education, transportation, industry and agriculture. They have learned by hard experience that no progress can be made unless Russia remains at peace, and that even with peace it will be frightfully difficult to establish productive efficiency on a communistic basis.

Now, so far as Russia's own initiative is concerned, everything turns on the relative growth in strength of the moderate and the extremist tendencies. And there seems to be cogent reason for assuming that so long as Russia is not menaced by invasion, the moderate tendencies will develop the more rapidly. Russians, after all, are much like any other people. By this time they must be getting pretty tired of big words and grandiose international schemes. The rank and file communist must have something the same feeling for Lenin's well-worn phrases about world communism as the average American democrat has for Wilson's well-worn phrases about world democracy. The pressing business in Russia today is to get the rolling stock repaired and food and fuel and materials moving toward the points of consumption. And the men who can get this work done are bound to move forward to greater influence, however well or ill they pass in point of Marxian orthodoxy.

We do not wish to minimize the influence for peace that might be exerted by foreign statesmen bold enough to recognize the existing Russian government outright. That would facilitate trading relations and thus emphasize the importance of peaceful economic development. It remains true, however, that it rests chiefly with the Soviet government whether it will have peace or not. Let it adjourn, sine die, its projects of world revolution; let it discontinue its propaganda abroad, irritating and futile now when its defensive purpose is disappearing, and set to work to prove within its proper domains that life can be lived tolerably under its peculiar system. Let it reduce its armies and avoid every appearance of menacing the border states. On these conditions the Soviet government will be let alone. And that, after all, is the one thing they have a right to demand.

Does Ireland Matter?

THOSE Americans who have prayed that British troops should be withdrawn from Ireland, in the interest of a humane and rational settlement, may now just as well face the realities of the situation and accept the British government's attitude for what it is. Mr. G. K. Chesterton has cabled a vigorous message from this country to one of the few independent liberal journals that exist in Britain, the Manchester Guardian. "We are not ruling Ireland," he says, "we simply are raiding Ireland. Our rulers tell us they can never recognize Ireland as a separate nation, but, in fact, they are recognizing it as a separate nation; they are invading it exactly as the Prussians invaded Belgium." In indirect answer to this accusation comes Lloyd George's apologia delivered to the newly assembled House of Commons. This apologia gives the gist of British policy at the present time. It announces to the world that "strong action" is triumphing, the enemy is driven into cellars, victory is in full view, order and liberty are soon to prevail. Not for two years has Lloyd George been so frank. On previous occasions he has discussed the political as well as the military aspect of the struggle. Now he speaks in terms of the war mind, and he poses the situation openly as a war situation.

Not, however, altogether frankly. According as Sinn Fein is represented to be formidable or not formidable, there are two separate lines of interpretation. One, that Britain is at war with Ireland as a whole in a life and death struggle. Two, that a "misguided section" of the Irish people persists in resorting to methods of criminal violence with the object of establishing an independent republic. This latter, with its pious reference to criminal violence, is the explanation offered when the fiction of Ireland's loyalty to the Crown is recollected. The former is the explanation offered whenever the savageries of the Crown forces are brought to mind. In his recent speech Lloyd George adopted one or other of these irreconcilable arguments as it suited his purpose. At one moment he said, strong action had proved successful. The police were no longer insulted, the courts were no longer boycotted, juries were reappearing and litigants returning, the members of the Royal Irish Constabulary who had resigned were trying to rejoin, and hundreds of grateful letters were pouring in to the government. "There is no man in Ireland, except a small handful, who wants anything but the breaking up of this murder conspiracy." The next moment, however, he declared "it is no use treating Ireland as if you had the same

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

orderly conditions as in Great Britain or in some other well-ordered country. You have a state of insurrection and rebellion there. When you have a life and death struggle between those who are responsible for establishing order in Ireland and those who are resorting to methods that are not countenanced by any civilized people in the world, you must consider what is best in the interests of reestablishing the authority of law in the country."

How greatly the House of Commons is edified by Lloyd George's reference to the unheard-of methods of the Irish combatants, there is no means of knowing. Most observers of the situation have long since formed independent judgment of the counter-methods of those "responsible for establishing order in Ireland." But the meaning of the phrase, "establishing order," must be considered. Lloyd George himself acknowledges that some time ago "the Irish Republican organization had all the symbols and realities of authority." It had the consent, sympathy and support of the vast majority of the people, and so long as the people have any arms the Irish Republican organization will be maintained as against Britain, and Ireland will strive for the government it appears to want.

It is this that Lloyd George and his government understood so thoroughly when they made the disarming of Ireland a condition preliminary to the proposed truce. "We even suggested the arms might be surrendered to their own priests," declares Lloyd George. This magnanimous offer apparently did not appeal to the Irish. For some odd reason they wanted to negotiate with Lloyd George while they, like Lloyd George's Black and Tans, still had arms. The disarming of the Black and Tans was not proposed. Why? These amiable agents of Britain represent law and order. By "establishing order," "reestablishing the authority of law," "recovering authority," the British government does not, however, in the least mean what the words say. It means establishing or reestablishing not law and order but British domination and sovereignty. The "strong action" that is opposed to "criminal violence" is simply the action of the most powerful existing empire to crush a movement for political independence on the part of a people that has struggled for political independence for hundreds of years before the American Colonies undertook their own criminally violent struggle against "law," "order" and "authority." No amount of verbal ingeniousness can alter the real nature of the inhumane enterprise in which the British government is engaged. It is engaged in crushing an exceedingly vivid and spirited national movement by the crudest possible military methods, in which ex-convicts and hired thugs are associated with the regular army of Britain. To accomplish its purpose the British have been willing not only to go in for popular intimidation in the manner that Germany employed in Belgium, they have even copied the German model in using hostage and forced labor, in burning dwellings, levying fines on cities, insulting and flogging and torturing civilians, and shooting prisoners out of hand. This program is more active today than ever. It is not merely criminal violence. It is something infinitely more vicious, it is criminal imperialism, the imperialism with which Germany vilely threatened the world.

But does British imperialism contain any threat except for Ireland, and does it matter to the world if the Irish national movement is crushed once again? This is a practical consideration for Americans.

Mr. Chesterton tries to answer it. "We are piling up a tradition against ourselves which will make [people] regard us as the last survival of despotism . . . . When one of the hundred entanglements of imperial politics brings us again into war, that war will become a crusade. The defeat of England will be the defense of the small nations."

All through the world there are perhaps 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 people of Irish blood. Since the Irish left their own country they have developed in wealth, education and position. There is no doubt whatever that a majority of these Irishmen and Irishwomen are now tending to agree, as Mr. Chesterton says, that "the ruin of England will be the reconstruction of the world. The war that will end us will be the war that will end war." This conviction, we need scarcely say, is a sign of political incapacity and despair. We do not share it for one moment. We do not endorse this proposal to open the Irish prison by blowing the prison to atoms. Yet wild and deplorable as this invitation to war clearly is, it follows not unnaturally on the piteous attempt of young Irishmen half-armed to free Ireland by force. With the development and growth of the Irish abroad grows their feeling that if Ireland is suppressed by force, it can also be freed by force—from abroad. It is sentiment and passion of this kind that digs the grooves in which war-fever runs. That fever is red and hideous, but suppression is bound to breed it, and let us frankly recognize that to lead Irishmen and Irishwomen into this conviction there are forces greatly powerful and deeply sinister, forces that always employ the cause of the conquered.

Must the reconquest of Ireland proceed? Must outrages like the burning of Cork be palliated? Must Lloyd George and his government refuse to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parley except on the basis of unconditional surrender? Must the British people be associated with a Prussian policy? We still believe that the best men in England do not persevere in the tradition of holding the Irish by main force. We believe that if they had their way they would have Ireland's association only with Ireland's consent. To see Ireland crushed hour by hour is, however, to see the obligation of these Englishmen gravely intensified. The burden is theirs, and if they fail to live out their conviction the guilt is theirs, just as the guilt of Belgium was all Germany's. It is on this fact that Americans are beginning to concentrate. Americans cannot go on watching the Irish situation without profound and lasting revulsion. This brutal attempt to crush Ireland is destroying all faith in the liberalism, the justice, the honor, the sincerity of Britain. This is the reason why Ireland matters, whether we have one atom of sympathy for Ireland in itself or not.

The Teacher Among Free Men

THE other day Mr. Archibald Stevenson reminded us all that "the public schools are supported by the money of the tax-payers; that their sole purpose is to train the youth of our country to be loyal and enlightened citizens of state and nation; that the teacher is an employee of the state as it now exists; that he cannot use his position as a public officer to agitate for a change in our political system, and that if any such change is demanded by the people, it must be reflected at the polls." Let us examine these words closely, and see what they mean and where they lead. For they are set forth as the law and the gospel for the teachers of America.

Mr. Stevenson believes that the teacher is the employee of the state *as it now exists*. Those are easy words to say, and immensely hard words to define. What is the state as it now exists? Is it the state as Mr. Wilson administered it, or the state as Mr. Harding promises to administer it? Where does the teacher go for his final instructions about what the state stands for? If he is to train youth for the state as it now exists, where does he himself discover the truth he must hand on? Take a concrete case: In August, 1914, the President requested the American people to be neutral in deed and in thought. Does Mr. Stevenson mean that a teacher who was pro-Ally was disloyal? Under the Constitution the President is charged with the conduct of foreign relations, and there is presumably no higher authority about the state as it now exists than he. Later on the President stood for the abandonment of one of our oldest American policies; the Senate majority stood for the maintenance of isolation. Which was the loyal doctrine? Should the teachers teach the gospel according to Lodge or the gospel according to Wilson?

The words "as it now exists" are an optical illusion. The American "state," like every other living thing is constantly in process of change. What is the American doctrine on the subject of child labor? It is one thing in Massachusetts, another in South Carolina, and something else in relation to interstate commerce. What is the American doctrine in relation to railroads? Is it the Esch-Cummins bill, or the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, or the next measure which President Harding will propose? What is the doctrine of the American state in regard to the seating of socialists in a legislature? Is it the expulsion of all, or the selection of two out of five, or what? What is the American doctrine about "trusts"? Is it the Sherman act of 1890; or the Sherman act reinterpreted by the Supreme Court; or the Sherman act on the statute books but not enforced by the Department of Justice?

Mr. Stevenson could not stand very long on that line. He would soon have to retreat to a second line, where he would claim that while loyal citizens may differ about the tariff, child labor laws, railroads, taxation, merchant marine, League of Nations, there are certain general principles particularly in regard to property about which they dare not differ. That too is an optical illusion. The rent laws passed by the very same legislature in New York which purged itself of socialism were in effect and in fact the temporary abolition of almost all the functions of private property the landlords possessed. After thirty years of regulating the railroads, will anyone assert that private property in railroads exercises the same rights as it did before?

Retreating further, Mr. Stevenson would, we believe, have to argue that the total net meaning of the phrase "the state as it now exists" is the constitutional form in which decisions are made. Now the ultimate fact in that Constitution is the existence of an orderly method of applying it and of amending it. The only disloyalty which the American form of government recognizes is the refusal to adopt the legal procedure, either in applying the law, or in changing the law. Men may loyally differ about any law, any administrative act, any clause in the Constitution, even about the amending clause itself. But they cannot nullify a law; they must secure its repeal. They cannot privately disobey an administrative act; they must

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

use the machinery of the courts, of impeachment, and of defeat at the polls. They cannot disregard a clause of the Constitution they do not like, or the interpretation of that clause by the Supreme Court; they must work by the established means for an amendment to the Constitution. And if they do not like the amending clause of the Constitution, they must nevertheless use that amending clause to amend the amending clause. This is law and order in the full meaning of the words. It outlaws every form of violence and "direct action" whether practiced by Communists or by Mr. Archibald Stevenson himself in his capacity of counsel for the Lusk Committee. The belief in law and order is the belief, not in the wisdom of any particular law or any particular social philosophy, but the belief in a method of social behavior. And those people who, like Mr. Stevenson himself and Mr. Mitchell Palmer, have attempted to extend the definition to cover their own particular opinions, who in the name of law have boasted of lawless action, have betrayed the faith.

And what is the duty of the teacher who would keep the faith? To him the doctrine of law and order is the application to society of the much larger doctrine that the method of reason is superior to the method of force. The teacher knows that a violent person is a man poisoned by an unexamined premise. And therefore the teacher takes as his chief task the training of youth in the examination of all its premises. That is what produces an educated man. He is a man who knows what he takes for granted, and why he takes it for granted; who knows what others take for granted and why they do; who knows how to broaden, refine, improve and select his premises. To tell him, as Mr. Stevenson does, that he is the taxpayers' hired man, employed to inculcate the premises of the taxpayer, is to stand education on its head.

The premises of the taxpayers are the premises they learned thirty years ago, or have accumulated since. They are no criteria of education. What the pupil of a free republic needs is training in the ability to reach his own premises for his own time, and that ability he can acquire by learning to demand the evidence for every belief.

The teacher and the school therefore, occupy a much higher place in the American system than Mr. Stevenson acknowledges. They are not factories for turning little children into imitations of the taxpayers. They are creative institutions for making children into wiser, more tolerant, more disciplined taxpayers than were those who hired their teachers for them. The school is the true frontier of civilization. And each new generation is a new opportunity to conquer some part of the jungle of the spirit for civilization, to enlarge the realm of those things which are subject to reason, and to diminish the realm of those things which are not.

It follows that the test of the teacher is not whether he believes in one creed or another, but how he believes in it. If he believes in it as an unexamined premise, he is no teacher, though he wears a conservative or a progressive label. If he is more interested in conversion than in inquiry, more interested in his truth than in the process of finding truth, he is failing in his work. He is working to imprison the human mind instead of to liberate it, to furnish it with his prejudices instead of training it to resist prejudices. The teacher is human, of course, and will have his convictions. But if he is a real teacher he will love those pupils best who learn most quickly to stand alone. That for him is the climax, the moment of graduation. It is the time when the pupil no longer leans on, or submits to authority. The moment of the teacher's triumph is that moment when the pupil can demonstrate that he has acquired the essentials of the art of thinking for himself. Then the true teacher rejoices. For he wishes his acorns to grow into oaks, not into clinging vines.

In this sense, Barrett Wendell, who was an ultra-conservative, was a great and inspiring teacher, and John Dewey, who is an advanced liberal, is a great and inspiring teacher. But one could name others just as conservative as Barrett Wendell, or just as progressive as John Dewey, who are not good teachers because the beginning of wisdom is not in them. They try to convert their classes. They insist that their opinions stand four-square upon the floor of the universe.

The New
REPUBLIC
A Journal of Opinion

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND COPYRIGHT, 1921, IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA BY THE REPUBLIC PUBLISHING COMPANY, INC., 421 WEST TWENTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y. HERBERT CROLY, PRESIDENT; ROBERT HALLOWELL, TREASURER

EDITORS

HERBERT CROLY ALVIN JOHNSON
FRANCIS HACKETT WALTER LIPPMANN
PHILIP LITTELL

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION FIFTY-TWO ISSUES, FIVE DOLLARS IN ADVANCE. SINGLE COPIES FIFTEEN CENTS, CANADIAN SUBSCRIPTION FIVE DOLLARS AND FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE. FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR COUNTRIES IN THE POSTAL UNION, SIX DOLLARS PER YEAR IN ADVANCE; REMITTANCE TO BE MADE BY INTERNATIONAL POSTAL MONEY ORDER.

ENTERED AS SECOND CLASS MATTER, NOVEMBER 6, 1914, AT THE POST OFFICE AT NEW YORK, N. Y., UNDER THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1879.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Latter Day Nomads

ACCORDING to an estimate recently made by the London Times, there are no less than two million Russian refugees at the present moment living abroad. Half of them—a whole million—are in Poland, some five hundred thousand are in Germany, nearly a quarter million are in France, while the rest are scattered between Helsingfors and New York. The Times does not define exactly what it understands by refugees, but the figures themselves are suggestive. Whoever is in the remotest way acquainted with the social structure of old Russia, and is, in addition, aware of what has lately befallen that edifice, can make a rough guess as to the identity of these unhappy exiles, two million in number. Two million is just a trifle over one per cent of the pre-war population of Imperial Russia. The distribution of power in Imperial Russia was such that two per cent of the population dominated the remaining ninety-eight. The Times's refugees are, therefore, a little in excess of half the former governing class of Russia—the fraction that has survived the Revolution and succeeded in getting away.

The figures are probably exaggerated, and the name "refugee" is surely inapt. These are the same people who in the last great European Revolution were more precisely described as émigrés. They are, strictly speaking, voluntary expatriates, gentry who prefer exile to an unfriendly political régime. I have no idea exactly how many there are of them, but I have run into them in every capital of Europe between Constantinople and Paris. They come over in ship-loads after every fresh counter-revolutionary débâcle, the latest cargo having just this morning landed with the family of General Wrangel at Toulon. The lot of most of them is far from enviable, though all but the unluckiest contrive to go on living as of old by the sale of sables and coronet jewels, by loans obligingly extended them by Entente governments—Heaven alone knows on what security—and by the transfer of titles to estates long since nationalized by the Bolsheviks. The title deeds are just now enjoying a particularly bullish market, not on account of the trifling prices they fetch but because of their political implications; for by converting Frenchmen and Englishmen into great Russian landholders, they create brand-new motives in the somewhat discouraged West for fresh interventionist adventures.

So much for the Times's sympathetic estimate. I have an estimate of my own to submit, subject: refugees. Not émigrés, but refugees. Not voluntary exiles, at home in the languages and the best circles of Germany, France and England, enjoying another stay in familiar luxurious hotels, English country manors, and Azure Coast villas, till the storm blows over. I am talking of refugees—of the people who fled *from,* not with, Wrangel and Denikin and all their predecessors, not because they chose but because they must, not because they preferred western democracy to Russian communism but because the torch and the sword were behind them, because hesitation meant massacre or at the very least the prison-camp, regardless of political beliefs. And I estimate that this uprooted population, these men and women and children and babies without a country, without the least human rights that anybody is bound to recognize, without bread, without shelter, without hope, constitute not two millions but—unless I am much mistaken—very nearly one-tenth of the population of continental Europe.

For these victims of the European chaos are confined to no one country either of origin or of exile. They are not merely the flotsam and jetsam of the civil war in Russia, nor are they even exclusively Russians. They come from every country east of the zone of occupation, and are harbored—if you can call it harboring—in them all, and they are wanted in none. There are Germans and Poles and Hungarians and Serbs and Rumanians in Czecho-Slovakia, and there are Slavs of all varieties and Jews of all nationalities in Germany. There are Ruthenians and Bulgarians and Croats—and I suppose Azerbaijanians and Hedjaz Arabs—in Hungary; and no race or political entity, whether of ancient lineage or newly self-determined, but has its ragged edges projecting into truncated, bedraggled Austria. It goes without saying that I am not talking about "liberated" or—if you prefer—"lost" provinces. I am talking of people, not of territories, and of people who care little about allegiance and racial unification but yearn pathetically and hopelessly to return to their ruined homes and the even tenor of their interrupted lives. Hopelessly because a five-years' war has long ago relegated both home and custom to the category of ancient memories, and above all because while the refugee does not wish to remain and is not welcome where he is, he is wanted even less where he likes to go.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The tale of how all this wretchedness was brought about is surely the most pitiful chapter in the tragic history of our times. Not even the long blockades and the interminable exile of the military prisoners can be put into the same class. The blockade victims were at least besieged in their own homes; the war prisoners were at least men. These vast hordes of civilized nomads have traveled hundreds of miles from their homes, to walk into the cruelest of traps with their wives and their infants, their tender youths and maidens, their aged and their sick. More than half the children among them were born in exile. Simple folk for the most part, they cannot yet, after six years of wandering, grasp the cause of their predicament. It really does not seem so very complicated. They started from their homes to make way for the attacking and counter-attacking armies—Russian and German, Austro-Hungarian and Rumanian, Allied and Turkish, White and Red. That was in 1914 or 1916 or 1918, while the war was on. Well now, the war is over—has been over, officially, for more than two years. It looks to them as if there ought to be no trouble about their going back as they came. What is most puzzling is the authorities' demand for passports. Why should they have passports? They crossed no frontiers on their way out. They never went beyond the limits of their own country. They are not now asking to travel abroad. They only want to return to their homes. Where, they ask you, is the difficulty?

Well, the difficulty is simply this, that while the war has long since ceased, the peace has only just begun. The thing that is at the bottom of this misery of millions is not the breach in the order of Europe (dated 1914) so much, as the failure to repair it in 1918. Peace has its victims no less than war, and the refugee suffers essentially not so much from the ancient malady of Europe as from a congeries of complications resulting from the quack attempts of the statesmen at a cure. He is the tragic by-product of militarism, of course; but only initially. The prolongation of his anguish is the consequence of a misinterpreted, misapplied notion of self-determination. For the war merely destroyed his village and sent him packing; the peace has completed the ruin by drawing impossible frontiers around whole provinces, and by abolishing his very status as a citizen has turned him into a permanent exile. That is precisely what makes his position so barbarous and so pitiful. One can somehow endure the chaos and the privations of war, because war is an abnormal and therefore a temporary interruption. However prolonged it may be, the end is known to be inevitable and is always, so to speak, in sight. What is intolerable is the insecurity, the uncertainty, the disorder of a peace settlement—a thing which by all historic experience should be stable, which obviously is doomed to break down, but whose span of life is a wholly incalculable quantity.

Politicians and journalists in the defeated countries of central Europe look out upon this chaos and ruin and say that the Peace Treaties have Balkanized half the continent, meaning thereby that the confusion of races has been aggravated. There is no gainsaying their complaint; but the mere confusion of racial stocks is not an unmixed evil. Given a decent international political and economic order it might indeed develop into a blessing.

The terrible truth is that the populations which formerly owed allegiance to the Dual Monarchy—I mention only Austria-Hungary, but it goes equally hard with the fragments of old Russia—have been not Balkanized but Judaized. The Magyar who had fled from Temesvar to Zombor woke up on the bright morning of the peace-era to learn that he had escaped not from one Hungarian town into another but from Rumania into Jugoslavia. The Austro-German who had gone from Lemberg to Prague was no longer either a native or a resident of Austria; he was a refugee from Poland in Czecho-Slovakia, liable at any moment to be driven out of the one country and turned back at the boundary by the agents of the other. And the thousands of footsore nomads who had run before the hordes of Denikin across the frontier from Odessa to Kishinev (both of them cities of old Russia) were henceforth condemned to casuistical debates with the Rumanian authorities in an endeavor to establish their political identity; since Odessa, having been detached from Moscow, was no longer Russia, and no such country as Ukrainia was ever known to the geography of the treaties.

Henceforth, then, ten per cent of European humanity (the estimate is a rough guess, but it comes close to one side or the other of the truth) is left hanging in the air, without means of subsistence, without a roof, without status either as citizens or as foreigners, without the right either to sojourn or to depart. Fresh links, these, in the brotherhood of nations that was to spring out of the ruin and ashes, the blood and tears of the last of all wars. A new race of pariahs, of civilized gypsies, the ultimate waste-matter and drift-wood of war.

Huge populations of men and women and chil-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dren Judaized—turned into aliens in the lands of their ancestors and their birth, shorn of all rights, condemned to the bitter lot know hitherto only to the Jew of backward Europe—the football of soulless politicians with a career before them (in Austria the Christian Social party actually made an issue of the refugees in the recent elections), the rightful prey of the padrone and the exploiter, the safety-valve of the reactionary and the warmonger, the first victim and the germ-carrier of pestilence, the unconscious but inevitable nemesis of Europe's evil inheritance.

Back home in the United States, as a student of our immigrant problem, I used often to ask, having in mind our broad tradition of citizenship, Who is a foreigner in America? It was my protest against the invidious, un-American distinction between native and immigrant. In Europe today every human creature in ten, at the least, is a foreigner. And a foreigner, I beg you, not in the amateurish American way, nor in any other intelligible human sense. Here are people who speak the language and share the habits and customs and traditions of the other inhabitants, who are in all essentials indistinguishable from their neighbors, and yet by some monstrous technical jest are classed as foreigners and subject to all the time-worn disabilities of Jews. They are herded in internment camps like lepers or criminals, they are thrust into jail when they fail to produce identifying papers, or, worst of all, they become perennial round-trip passengers on the wretched trains that crawl to the boundary-lines, and are left between journeys to freeze and starve at unimaginably bleak frontier-stations.

A full half of them, it is safe to say, *are* Jews in the dictionary sense of the word. It happens that the Russian Pale of Settlement and Galicia—which together form the great ghetto of Europe—came in for the bloodiest and most destructive fighting in the whole war. And it happens, further, that superimposed on all the racial and political feuds of eastern and central Europe is one which antedates them, which to a greater or lesser degree surpasses them, if possible, in intensity, and which has the unique distinction of transcending all boundaries. That is the well-known, historic anti-Jewish complex. Therefore, since it is well-known, I may with safety leave it to the imagination of the reader, trusting him to add a bit more pigment and shadow as he contemplates this half of the picture.

The gray of the rest of it is in all conscience deep enough.

Paris. M. E. Ravage.

Convalescence

I had been lying all winter upon my bed, inert and listless, my body at pause, my mind clouded. I was neither quick nor dead, and I had an idea I might, in this strange, floating, detached state of mind, visit Tartarus and the Elysian Fields, as did Ulysses, and Aeneas, and even Virgil himself. I would greet there (I thought languidly) Elpenor, poor lad, whose very haste . . . . haste . . . . and here I lost my thread and wondered whether I should ever do anything in haste again. Haste, I was saying. Oh yes, Elpenor, whose poor shade went headlong down to the underworld as quickly as his lusty young body fell headlong from the roof of Circe's palace. But above all, above any shade of a once shining hero, I would greet those shadowy women, prisoners of war to the great Achilles, who "wailed in semblance for Patroclus, but each for her own woe"—poor creatures to whom an opportunity for tears was their only recorded boon.

But I was not quite dead enough for all this, and my imagination was for the most part pulling in the direction of my childhood, whither I had formed a path of least resistance through long hours of purposeless thinking. The future is heavy to pierce (even when one is well); the present is pitifully gruel-thin; but one slips back into the old nursery across time and space with a surprising agility. Yet on this particular day my thoughts were too sluggish to flow even in that happy direction. And so I turned dull eyes window-ward, and looked out upon a chilly world where patches of snow lay cold beneath the low sweeping boughs of evergreens. Then, to my own astonishment, I gathered my feeble forces together and asked my soul a question.

My soul is some three or four years younger than I, and far more active. Yes, I am perfectly well aware that the mediaeval schoolmen declared, having doubtless proved it to their own satisfaction, that women are devoid of souls. But there is something in me that leaps up to meet things (as did Wordsworth's heart at sight of a rainbow), and as I do not know at all what it is, I give it that elusive name of soul. There's no harm in that. Anyway I do it in the very teeth of the schoolmen.

And so when I asked my soul if this were February, she flouted me as behind the times, and informed me blithely that there were various rumors that spring had been seen here and there in woodsy places. Spring! And I so nearly done. I began to draw a long face of self-pity. I lifted my head dubiously (and with care) and looked again out of

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the window. And (as I live!) I seemed to hear the liquid syllables of spring's first utterance—the melting of snow upon those great green branches of spruce and cedar, and the quiet susurrus of its *drip, drip,* into little clear pools of water below. No, I am certainly not dead. This cannot be the Elysian Fields, surely; for they are furnished, as far as ever I could discover, only with pallid asphodels and the white poppies of insubstantial dreams. There are no rough, prickly, pungent green boughs there! Go to, I am still living. I made shift to turn my frame through a few tentative degrees. Pain leaped into three of my dimensions and the weariness of futility into the fourth. I collapsed. What is spring to me or me to Hec . . .

But my soul was talking serenely on, disregarding poor me entirely. "I myself," she said, "came upon a single little windflower under projecting eaves of snow in a little southward-gaping hollow."

I lifted up my head.

Spring! And I so nearly done. My thoughts ran on like a melancholy Greek chorus, and weak tears crept out upon my countenance. How cruel of my soul to taunt me with windflowers. Have I not seen them in springs that are gone forever? Those little pearly miracles, light as a child's kiss . . .

"It lifted its little swaying, gossamer-slender stem out of a bed of dead leaves," went on my soul, "and all about it the snow crystals were melting with infinitesimal tinklings. The sky above was very blue and soft . . ."

I raised up on one attenuated elbow.

"It was slippered in a young pale bloom of moss, and stood there like a pretty little fool that had stepped out upon the empty stage before her cue came, wringing small green hands and looking about pallidly for company. But tomorrow is the first of April . . ."

April!

I sat up hurriedly. I seized a cup from a nearby tray and poured out its contents upon the middle of the coverlid. I pressed the cup into my soul's hands.

"Hurry, hurry!" I urged. "Go meet April! She'll be midway of meadows. Bring me a fragment of her song! Gather me a drop of her beauty! Good soul, do hurry! I am scheduled to die, and she is so swift-footed; she is so quickly gone again!"

I never knew my soul to be so dull and slow. "There'll be twenty windflowers swaying in that patch of moss by tomorrow," she said, not hurrying in the least.

I sprang out of bed. I tumbled feverishly into a minimum of garments. I pushed my soul aside. I went myself and kissed the pretty little fool in the hollow, cooling my cheeks in her pallor, worshipping her little green hands.

God Aesculapius! How I quickened at the sight of her!

HELEN COALE CREW.

The Labor Spy

III.

The Spy at Work

IN labor espionage, publicity and even advertised performance are plausible enough once the preliminaries have been accepted. If one can be persuaded of the existence and scope of the practice, if one can be resigned to recognizing it as an American and living institution, these things that it has said for itself sound very well, like good stories which ask of their audience only a little imagination. The real melodrama is not apparent until the spy himself is encountered.

Begging the issue of tedium, the present purpose is to continue in quotations. Any man can tell his own story better for himself. The detective has been allowed his say. The spy must be permitted his.

Herewith a series of quotations from the reports of a spy at work in an automobile factory in Racine, Wisconsin. He is a member of the Russell Detective Agency in Milwaukee. His reports are cited not for any significance in the situation which he is observing, not for any sensational content of their own, but because they give a fair impression of his business and because, out of hundreds of similar pages, they alone prove moderately readable.

They cover a brief period, from the 22nd of February, 1919, to the 1st of March following. A strike is on. The business is to report the strike. No glaring injustices; only the very usual sort of thing. The man is an informant and does his work well.

WE BEGIN WITH THE FIRST DAY

As I was on my way to the plant, this morning, I noticed before I was within a block of the plant that the union pickets were more active than usual, and ap-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

parently they were doing something more than just picketing. At any rate, as I drew near to the plant one held me up and asked, "Are you a card man?"

I pretended not to understand. Then he said, "Well, read this and let us see you down at the Polish Hall tomorrow night." At this he turned his attention to another man walking across the street, and I continued on into the plant.

At just 6:48 A. M. I registered in my time upon entering the plant and joined Matson. Almost immediately he began talking to me on the subject of prohibition, and in this connection I said to him, "Booze never got a man very far, but prohibition has made a man out of many a boozer." "What do you mean by that?" he asked, and I answered, "Well, many a good man was made a bum by liquor, but whenever anyone has sworn off drinking they have always realized that booze was a bad thing to get mixed up with." Just at this moment Moore appeared on the scene, and Matson remarked, "Here comes prohibition now." Moore's response was, "Never mind—you old booze fiends will be carrying a stamp on your forehead and be black-balled. You know what that means. Every boss will know you as a boozer and nobody will hire you."

At 12:00 noon I left the plant in company with Huck and had lunch at his home. While walking together I asked him, "What do you think of these fellows out on picket duty?" and he answered, "I think they are a lot of d . . fools, and don't know what they want. There they are, doing picket duty for $9 a week when they could be making $7.70 a day right at the plant and have it soft too." Continuing, Huck stated, "What good are they doing, standing around on the streets? If they wanted to do things they'd pound h . . . out of a couple of men who took their jobs. That would be more satisfaction than standing around conversing on the corners. They've been out fifteen weeks already and haven't gained a point." Huck added at that time they were trying to organize everybody in the metal trades line in order to strengthen their organization so that they will be able to have their demands acceded to.

At this time, we arrived at Huck's home and had dinner at his place as he keeps boarders.

For the afternoon I got back to the plant as soon as possible, noticing on the way in that the client was talking to two of the pickets at the east end of the plant. Apparently, the client "put it over" them in an exchange of words, as he smiled when he walked away. Different ones in Schmidt's department saw the client have a chat with the pickets and took a peep at him.

In this part of my report I wish to suggest that Stein be placed at the work of cutting and given piecework at a rate so low that he would quit. This would be letting him down easier than to discharge him. I am sure that if Schmidt kept him at cutting steady he would quit within two or three days. He is the "bad egg" that we must get rid of in order to put a stop to the organizing work he does among the employees of the plant at present. Then after we get rid of him we can take care of the lesser lights, and these I shall bring to the client's attention from time to time with suggestions how they can be gotten rid of. Only in this way can we avoid having trouble this summer with the present crew—that is, getting the agitators out of our midst. It would not do to let those fellows know why we are getting rid of them as it might only stir things up. Hence the reason why I suggest that we force them to quit of their own accord, rather than discharge them.

. . . .

A good day's work. Note at once that the spy is early. He always is. There is simply no curing him of punctuality. And he always claims credit for himself and calls attention to the tardy ones by name. There is the encounter with the pickets. Moderately instructive, that, if not surprising. And Matson on prohibition seems to have less to do with the case, but it really happened and must be included. Huck on the pickets is more comforting and we meet the client just after. The end lets us into the secret of blacklists. The blacklist without some form of espionage were impossible.

WE GO ON TO THE FOLLOWING DAY

The union hall was the first place I paid a visit to this morning as I got down to business for the day. There I got in touch with Bonzen who informed me that $43 was received in the morning's mail which was not very satisfactory compared to the number of bonds which were mailed to outside locals. The girls have done well by way of selling dance tickets here lately as it was found upon checking up same that over 3,000 have been sold.

Union finances are the best sign of the duration (or non-duration) of a strike. The spy is always after facts and figures on the treasury. He continues, visiting other plants in Racine.

I thought it well to check up the employment situation at the — plant. There were some men standing around outside, and I learned that they were a few who had been laid off. In the talk I managed to have with them they made the statement that sooner or later there was going to be trouble at that plant. "Just how do you mean?" I asked, and they answered, "Well, the men are going to demand an explanation from the company regarding just why ninety men were laid off. The men believe they were laid off for the reason that they are union men and they consider this just another trick of the manufacturers to break up the organization."

In continuing my efforts in the client's behalf, I got over on the picket line and as usual I found the boys assembled in the shanty. Now and then one would go out and walk around the plant but they preferred to stay inside. Peterson remarked that it would not be long before they would have many new members in the organization. He expressed confidence that they would get a large number of new applications at tonight's meeting. Not deeming it advisable to remain with the boys too long for fear of arousing suspicion I set out for the North Side.

A touch of caution at the end. Omitting the busy afternoon, we follow him to the meeting.

This evening when I got over to the Polish Hall I found about one hundred in attendance, most of them

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

being Slavonians, mixed with Italians and Poles. Those of each nationality kept to themselves, Nickerson was on hand and gave a short talk in English. He spoke along the line of organizing and what would be gained thereby. He urged the men to join so they could put the eight-hour day in effect and still get the same kind of pay. He also explained how the employers were organized and what they were employing these days to break up the union. The manufacturers' association was uppermost in his mind . . . In the meantime the members continually talked between themselves. At the close of the address I should judge about forty went up and made out applications and others continued to stand around and jabber between themselves. There was no good opportunity this evening to learn if anyone joined the organization who is in any way connected with the client's plant, but I feel pretty sure I can get this information tomorrow. At the close of the meeting all left for home and, going likewise, I discontinued for the day.

HE DISCUSSES FINANCE

The client, it seems, has things coming his way . . . The treasury from which the strikers receive their benefits gave me the impression more than anything else. First of all, upon my arrival at the hall this morning I found Carl Bonzen busily occupied making out the payroll, the total amount of which was $1,183. The total amount taken in this week was $1,588.50. After the benefits are paid this week the client can see just what balance they have and therefore they will no doubt have to do some tall hustling in order to get enough money to meet next week's payroll. It goes without saying that many who have donated are getting tired of donating . . .

It appears that the boys are not any too willing to help much. Apparently other steps will have to be taken to secure help. In my opinion things are coming to a crisis, a fact which all are beginning to realize, and I look for a break in the ranks of the strikers most any time. As soon as the treasury cannot help them out any more as in the past, they will not have so much backbone and hence the reason why I believe a crisis will be reached soon.

The aspect of all this is very good for the client, very dark for the union. Perhaps that is why the spy can turn, for a day, to observing the factory itself and report upon the conduct of the women workers.

The bell was apparently not heard by the girls, who did not make a move until Mrs. Madsen came in and said inquiringly, "Girls, didn't you hear the bell?" At this we all dispersed to our respective places but it was 7:20 by this time. Both yesterday and this morning Mrs. Madsen had to come into the dressing room and dig the girls out . . . She makes the bad mistake of talking and laughing too freely with them during working hours, as they take advantage of this familiarity . . .

On the way home this noon I walked with Miss Urban who informed me that she was transferred to another department. She sure did not kill herself in our department.

After his luncheon hour, however, he has the satisfaction of discovering a loyal worker.

On my way back to the plant for the afternoon I got in with a man whom I recognized as being employed at the plant and as we walked along together we spoke of the miserable weather we were having today. This was kept up until we came within sight of the pickets and then he remarked that they were as good as lost. I asked him what he thought of unionism, and he answered by saying that the pickets had handed him slips several times, in fact went so far as to call him for not attending meetings and to tell him that he did not have any backbone, but he could see no reason for attending when he never intended joining.

At the plant I asked Alvida Clausen who the gentleman was. She was almost positive, she said, that it was Mr. Schultz who repairs the machines. At any rate he is tall and dark and rather heavy set.

FOLLOWS A CONVERSATIONAL MORNING

No. 310 who works under Heise and who was the first man to approach me on the subject of unionism when I took up work at the plant, came up to me early this morning as I entered the plant at about 6:45 A. M. and asked, "Were you down Monday night?"

"Yes," I answered and added, "I was initiated too." "That's good," he exclaimed and continued, "It won't take long before we'll have all of them in. Then we'll talk to the boss. At present the boss lays down rules to us but after a while we'll tell him what we'll do." No. 322 joined us at this time and asked, "When is the next meeting?" I answered—next Tuesday evening. At this, he turned around, hung up his coat and changed his shoes. The latter although interested in unionism is not radical, in fact he has not previously talked to me on the subject of unionism once, but he always seems to have a lot of time to talk to his neighbor next to him.

Slim, who solders the rivets and hoods, was seven minutes late in getting on the job this morning.

At twelve noon I left for lunch. On my way back to the plant for the afternoon I stopped and asked one of the pickets when he said the next meeting was to be held. "Next Thursday night," he answered. "Did you join?" he asked and I answered, "Sure, why not?" "That's common sense," he responded and added, "I told the other fellows we'd get you pretty soon." Then he continued, "Here is where you have a chance to get some education, so be sure and attend every meeting you can, for you hear mighty good stuff at the meetings." I assured him that I would be on hand every time I possibly could. He said, "I'll let you know about every meeting that you can attend. Just look for me, and if I am not around, the other fellows will let you know of the meetings, as I tell them you are all right."

He has made strides, these past few days. He is trusted now, an "O. K." man. He proceeds to report an agitator and involve the agitator's boss.

I observed No. 310 and the new bald-headed fellow in Schmitt's department were talking to the radiator test crew. First they were after the first man on the tanks next to the lavatory and fifteen minutes later I noticed them further down west. Three-quarters of an hour later when I stepped into the lavatory, I came upon No. 310 and a short radiator test man talking to beat the band about the union. The short fellow wanted to leave when I entered, but No. 310 said, "He's all right." However "Shorty" left anyway and then turning to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

me No. 310 said, "Well, I got seven of the radiator test crew to promise to come down to the meeting tonight. If they only do we will have the shop seventy-five per cent organized."

The time study man timed me on three different occasions today and meanwhile I said to him inquiringly, "Say, did you say that the bald-headed fellow belongs to the union?" "Sure," he answered, "and a bad one too. Furthermore, he is as strong a Socialist as there is in Racine." "Does the firm know about it?" I inquired, and he said in reply, "I don't know if they do or not, but Schmitt knows it and he is the one who hired him."

The last day has arrived. One Palmerton is caught smoking in the factory where smoking is prohibited. And then the spy rounds up his blacklist.

Palmerton was in a bad mood all forenoon. At about 9:30 A. M. I stepped into the lavatory and, as I took a seat next to Palmerton, who was the only one present, I detected an odor of cigarette smoke. Apparently noticing that I intended staying for awhile Palmerton brought out his cigarette and puffed away on it leisurely. I cautioned him, telling him that he might lose his job if caught, and he responded, "I don't give a d . . for the job, and I would be glad if the client came in here and caught me at it because then he would have to pay me off and if I quit I would have to wait for part of my pay." "But you get a bad name if you are fired," I reminded him, and his response was, "There are enough places to work in besides here."

I wish to speak to the client about the union sympathizers or union men who are employed in Heise's department and in particular I wish to discuss with the client the best method of letting him know definitely just who they are so he can gradually get rid of them. There are several I can pick out by sight, but do not get the chance to look at their time-cards in order to catch their number, and I never get in touch with them so as to learn their names. If I could see the client personally we could arrange for the client to walk out into the plant sometime and I could point out to him which ones I have in mind. If I butted into Heise's department in an effort to get their names or numbers, suspicion might be aroused against me. At present I have their fullest confidence in regard to unionism and must not lose it. The pickets, for instance, think I am all O. K. as they greet me cordially, Good night or Good morning, whichever it may be as I pass them, their attitude being entirely different from that of a week or two ago when I took up work at the plant. They told me this noon they would keep me posted regarding any meetings in the future as they liked to have everyone attend they could. I trust I may get the very best possible cooperation from the client in order to keep the union down in the plant and by cooperating I am sure the client will never experience any trouble with his present crew, but all the bad eggs must be kept cleaned out. At the close of the day's work I left for home, as did also the others and discontinued for the day.

There it is, the picture of a strike seen through the eyes of the labor spy, fairly vivid for all the unctuous limitations of his trade. A tattling, not very consequential document, of value because he is its hero, at his work, the heart of the espionage business.

SIDNEY HOWARD.

Labor's Challenge to Education

AMIDST the industrial and political turmoil that expresses the gradual awakening of the American labor movement to a broader sense of social responsibility, there is one symptom of changed behavior that is less conspicuous, but more fundamental perhaps than any other. This is the creation, in a number of cities, of a network of educational institutions by the labor movement, for the purposes of the labor movement. Possibly many pioneers of that new movement do not themselves realize all its implications and possibilities. But the considerably older experience of European countries throws all the more light on what lies ahead on the road. When labor strikes, it says to its master: I shall no longer work at your command. When it votes for a party of its own, it says: I shall no longer vote at your command. When it creates its own classes and colleges, it says: I shall no longer think at your command. Labor's challenge to education is the most fundamental of the three.

Incidentally, the development of this new educational system seems bound to result—whether consciously intended to or not—in a revolution of the aims and methods of popular education, more radical perhaps than anything that has happened since the beginnings of the free public school.

As far as America is concerned, the movement is yet in its beginnings. It is far from being homogeneous in its aims. The United Labor Education Committee and the Workers' University in New York, the Boston Trade Union College, the Chicago Workers' Institute, the San Francisco People's Institute, the Seattle Workers' College, the classes maintained by the unions of garment workers—they represent many different types of organization, many different conceptions of what labor's self-education should be. But all of them mean some degree of departure from the traditional type of extension work, where ex cathedra lecturers condescend to go slumming in the "lower" intellectual spheres, and "uplift" the workers by feeding them on crumbs from the academic table—a kind of surrogate of the real stuff, administered in smaller doses, too. Some of these workers' institutions differ only from the extension type in that they are controlled by the labor unions, whilst the curriculum and the teaching method is still copied on the old model. Others aim consciously and explicitly at an ideal of education radically different from, and antagonistic to the extension type.

The very diversity of these young institutions, and the fact that they are springing up in every corner of the states, with scarcely any connection with each other, and without the help of any cen-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tral coordinating body, makes them all the more significant. Much more so, in a sense, than institutions like the New York Rand School, or the Boston School of Social Science. These schools have done, and are doing, considerable and excellent work, and their plan undoubtedly denotes a clearer realization of the necessity of autonomous labor thought than most of the institutions which the unions have thus far developed. But they owe their inception to a propagandistic purpose; they aim, as far as the working class at large is concerned, at creating a demand, rather than at adapting themselves to a demand already existing and expressed. As symptoms of the changing mental behavior of the masses, they compare with the workers' colleges of the labor unions as in the political field an alignment of opinions does with an alignment of interests—as the sect of propagandists does with the mass movement which gains increasing consciousness from its own pragmatic experience. This consciousness is unavoidably vaguer and more diverse in its expressions than that of the smaller propagandistic group; but it is infinitely more promising, since its impetus is continually increased, and its scope widened, under the stress of experience and practical necessity.

Even so, there is no lack of clean-cut expressions by union labor engaged in the process of educating itself, of a purpose radically different from that of education as administered by the controlling classes. The New York United Labor Education Committee probably has expressed that in a more comprehensive and systematic program than any other city. But even the Boston Trade Union College, which marks a lesser degree of emancipation from academic tutelage, has had its purpose defined by one of its chief promoters, as "the emancipation of the workers from the control of the governing class over their education." The most significant pronouncement however is that of the Workers' College of Seattle, which expresses itself with western breeziness:

"Labor education must differ radically from education given at ordinary universities and colleges. Education in our universities and colleges is essentially capitalistic, in that it glorifies competition and seeks to produce an *efficient individual.* Education that may properly be called labor education is essentially socialistic, in that it glorifies cooperation and seeks to produce an *efficient social and industrial order.* For this reason the workers' college must arise to get away from old academic traditions and ideals, and must be a pioneer in education by its democracy, by its seeking to give students what they want, not what some academic group thinks they ought to have."

This kind of purpose links up the new American efforts with the world-wide movement that, in most European countries, already has a few years of experience and achievement behind it. In Great Britain, the Labor College Movement, principally supported by the Miners' Federation, has carried the idea of autonomous working-class education far beyond what the Ruskin College or the Workers Educational Association ever dreamed of. In Germany and in Austria, the Arbeiterbildungsausschuss, the Parteischule and the Gewerksschaftsschule probably represent the most systematic and powerful attempt at creating an instrument of proletarian culture that has ever been undertaken anywhere. Its pedagogical method, however, marks a less radical departure from that of official academic Germany than its clear theoretical formulation, in Marxian terminology, of the revolutionary aim of the labor movement in the field of human science would seem to call for. Perhaps the most comprehensive effort in that respect is that of the Belgian Centrale d'Education Ouvrière, which lays as much stress as German social democracy does on the cultural autonomy of the labor movement, but pursues an ideal of proletarian education which is less purely rationalistic and doctrinal, and pays more attention to individual character formation and to the ethical and aesthetic side of its work. Belgium's effort is further remarkable in that it has gone farthest in developing, in an experimental rather than in a dogmatic way, a pedagogical method for equipping adult workers for the tasks of the labor movement that suggests a whole world of possibilities yet ignored by public school pedagogy.

France's most recent and characteristic contribution to this movement is the Paris Université du Peuple, recently inaugurated with an address by Elie Faure in which he claimed that "proletarian education is not a continuation, but a beginning; it is a revolt against the decadence of bourgeois culture—the revolt of a class that, just because of its present ignorance, constitutes humanity's reserve of candor and curiosity, and promises to start it on a new quest for a new ideal." Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Czecho-Slovakia, and the Scandinavian countries also have a system of labor education more or less copied from the German or Belgian model, and the two former countries were represented, alongside France and Germany, at the international conference on labor education that was held in Brussels, at the call of the Belgian Centrale d'Education Ouvrière, in December, 1913.

In Soviet Russia, lastly, what Lunacharsky, Alexandra Kollontay, and the "Commissariat for Proletarian Culture" are trying to achieve in the face

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

of tremendous odds is a system of labor education that, if Russian conditions had allowed of its normal development previous to the revolution, would possibly have lessened some of the difficulties which now hamper Russia's democratic development.

Educators and pedagogists who are distressed by the sterility of the public school system in producing new ideals and new methods—a sterility which seems to become universally more apparent as the official school system is being used more and more as a means to control and direct the social thinking of the "lower classes"—will do well to watch this universal movement. If it be true that these efforts are part of the nucleus of a new and different social system—a near possibility in Europe at least—then they promise a revolution of pedagogy, an adjustment of its aims and methods to the demands of modern science, which the existing system seems to be increasingly powerless to effect. Labor brings with it an unquenchable thirst for knowledge, and the labor movement directs this new desire towards an aim that is no longer individualistic and competitive, but altruistic. Hence the inspiration of a new ethical social aim, the lack of which is the fundamental cause of the shortcomings of the present school system, which trains for individual competition in a society where individual competition has ceased to be the way out for the masses.

The labor movement, moreover, looks more and more on the workshop as the nucleus of the new order, and on control of the workshop as the key to the control of society. So the problems of the workshop—management, technical hierarchy, efficiency in production, voluntary discipline based on cooperation and solidarity, knowledge of the whole process of production and marketing, industrial hygiene, and above all, the culture of the instinct of workmanship, the quest for methods that will end the present divorce of work and happiness—of production and beauty—these problems are becoming the cardinal problems of labor education. So here arises a possibility of bringing about the fusion of the industrial process and the educational process, of the university and the workshop, which all modern science—from practical pedagogy to pragmatic philosophy—demands, but which artificial and piecemeal methods seem more and more unable to realize. The Belgian experiment in labor education especially has opened a new vision of the possibilities of a system that thus educates from below, and leads from actual concrete experience—the experience of the producer at work—to general knowledge and conscience—the conscience of the citizen of a productive commonwealth. And just as this citizen will no longer be a passive element in the economic process, he will become an active element in the educational process. The labor school where, as they do in Belgium, the shop stewards and the managers of cooperative consumers' associations teach each other the process of production and distribution, is the nucleus of a new educational system, suppressing the class distinction between the teacher and the pupil, making the pupil a voluntary and active element, and turning the whole life of man into a continuous combined process of working and learning.

HENRY DE MAN

VERSE

In a Conservatory

These have not known the sting of rain,
Nor sweet storm waters, heavy falling;
And they have never felt the pain
Of burning sun;
And in the stillness never one
Has heard a wild bird calling.

Gray days to them are outer gloom,
And never chill like forest glades.
Here in their warm and fragrant room
They bloom content,
And slowly fade, when life is spent,
As no wild flower fades.

The loud east wind may call and shout
Among the trees, and sing and cry
Against the window-panes "Come out!"
But they are still,
And heedless of the east wind's will
They live their lives and die.

BERNICE LESBIA KENYON.

The Road

Why do we always wait
For word or sign to come—
Why do we always scan the road
So silent in the sun?

Why do the shadows bend
In that familar way
As if beyond the farther turn
There were a word to say?

Why does the roadway seem
As if it knew what I
Shall always go on looking for
Until the day I die?

Then when all roads are one,
And nothing hid from view,
Perhaps the word that comes at last
Will be the word I knew.

ALICE CORBIN.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Books and Things

TWO friends, of whom both understood canoeing and one knew by heart these particular rapids in the St. Croix River, were doing the paddling and the steering clear of obvious and of ill-concealed rocks. Not mine to be a partaker in this high emprise. Placed, rather humbly, as low as possible in the canoe, I realized that my strength was not only to sit still, but so to sit as not to help the rapids in their overt attempts to upset us. I had leisure to look about us, through momentary passes between the water hills, at Wisconsin or Minnesota, at the storming and jumping waters themselves, or down at the canoe's threatened bottom, just to make sure it was still whole. Hark! What was that? If you will imagine a sound that would have been a grating, scraping noise if it hadn't been so suddenly over, you will hear what I heard. As suddenly a crack, about a yard of crack, appeared along the bottom of the canoe. What next? Should I notify that crack to my companions? Should I shout out something about making for shore? A landing is exactly what, for the last five minutes, we had been trying to make.

Ever since, as often as I have happened to think of those two days on the St. Croix, I have regretted my silence about that crack. A discreet silence, perhaps, but certainly unmanly. I was afraid my two friends, if I succeeded in making myself heard above all that watery and rocky noise, would ascribe my interest in the crack less to a passion for the greatest good of the greatest number, which was three, than to fear for the life of number one. I was afraid, in short, of being deemed afraid. Tonight, when I perceive, for the first time, a likeness between my position in that canoe and my position in the ship of state, I am resolved to speak out, and in no uncertain tones. Seated, rather humbly, as low as possible in the ship, I see a crack that threatens to split her. I will report that crack to my companions. Let them think me, if they will, afraid.

It is not our habit in the United States to elect the most eminent man to the most eminent office. We have done so now and then—twice in Washington's time, again in 1864 and in 1904—but mostly we content ourselves with electing an average man and hoping he'll grow. Now and then, again, in a mood of anger and revolt, we turn to and elect somebody as much below the average President as our greatest Presidents have been above him. The result, owing to the long interval between election day and inauguration day, is a precocious general weariness. After such a debauch most of us wish, even earlier than March 4th, that we could forget all about our new President. His most enlightened friends, if any, would be glad to have us, during the four years of his incumbency, forget even his name. He himself, when he happens to be a modest man, realizes that the most he can hope for is to get by, with help, and sometimes he discovers, even before he takes office, that in a multitude of helpers there may be no help at all. How happy would such a President be if he could count on four unremarked years in the White House, and on hearing, upon his final return to private life and his home town, some such reassuring words as these: "Hullo! Where have you been keeping yourself all this while?" In his ears, always supposing him to be a modest man, no praise could sound sweeter.

This, then, is the crack, the rift, that I promised to speak out about—our American tendency to multiply upon the President more and more exacting duties and responsibilities, and our occasional trick of electing nobody in particular to the Presidency. And the remedy? You do me wrong if you think me about to say that we must never again, so arduous has the business of being a president become, elect any except a great man to that office. To make such a declaration would be too grossly to ignore human nature in politics. From time to time, judging the future by the past, we are certain to elect nobodies. All I ask is that the next time we are in this mood we elect not one man President, but seven men, and reduce their joint power to a minimum. This is not an a priori suggestion. We have only to look at a sister republic, at Switzerland, in order to find, tested by time and approved by its inconspicuousness, just the form of executive that we need. The Swiss constitution limits the authority of the executive "by giving to the legislative branch of the government, both in the Cantons and in the federal system, an authority of correction as regards executive acts such as no other country has known." In the Federal Council of seven men who are the Swiss executive the President has "a merely formal precedence."

Thus far, in the composition of this essay, I have relied mainly upon J. C. Bluntschli's Geschichte des schweizerischen Bundesrechts von den ersten ewigen Bunden bis auf die Gegenwart (2 vols., 1840-52), and upon Johann Meyer's Eidgenössische Bundesverfassung, Bundesgesetze und Bundesbeschlüsse (1876). Thus far, but no further. From now on I offer first-hand testimony to the degree in which the Fathers of the Swiss Constitution know what they were about. They were successful designers. The highest form of government, like the most consummate art, conceals itself. During the two or three years, early in this century, that I lived in Switzerland, I made a longish stay in each of three cantons, where I mingled freely, as soon as I was able to make myself intelligible without signs, with the native population. Travel was cheap, and I travelled a good deal at all seasons, on small lake steamers, in diligences down long valleys shadowed by mountains and shaded by Arolla pines, by larches and horse-chestnuts, on the Swiss Federal Railways in third-class smokers. Although never fluent in any of the languages spoken, I did achieve understanding of the talk overheard in two of them. What the Swiss talked about—the exceptional weather, the hay crop, le regain, the old rivalry between Villeneuve and Yvorne, hotel dividends, the rise or fall of stock in the chocolate factories at Berne and Vevey—was a selection that naturally, that unpremeditatedly excluded politics.

Twice or thrice a year perhaps, and then only in complaint of the service on the Federal Railways, did I hear politics referred to. And never, no never, did I catch the name of any member of the Federal Council. The likeness of no ex-President of the Council appeared on any stamp or coin. No Swiss cigar was named after any ex-President, no wooden Bernese bear. Nobody proposed to alter in his honor the name of any Zermatt or Oberland peak.

Is it not in so deep a silence that we shall all wish, the next time we Americans elect our smallest man to our highest office, to wrap him up and forget him for four years? By what safer and better-trodden way can we gain our end than by copying into our own Constitution the Swiss method of veiling the executive in a decent and becoming obscurity? Is not a President who has to blush for himself less unhappy if he blush unseen?

P. L.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From Penna. to Havana

San Cristobal de la Habana, by Joseph Hergesheimer. New York: A. A. Knopf.

INTO Mr. Hergesheimer's inner life this charming volume permits us to enter, and it would be just as well if we were to begin by removing our shoes. For this is no common ground on which we are to tread. We accompany Mr. Hergesheimer in the pursuit not so much of Havana, an actual city, as Havana, a city of desire. It is true that we behold something of the habit and furniture of the actual city. We sit "in a room of Moorish tiles with a dripping fountain, over a magic drink." But the white walls, the green tiles, the paseos and patios, the "roses against the mirror of the bureau"—these are simply the picture-letters that spell the secret, the immitigable charm. And this charm Mr. Hergesheimer spins for us the more rejoicingly because so few Americans really know San Cristobal de la Habana.

As for Americans in Havana, Mr. Hergesheimer disdains them. He does not merely avert his eyes from the Cascade Orchestra of the Biltmore, which he found at a hotel there, with Spanish-Cuban debutantes touching elbows with "race track touts from Jefferson Park." He does not shrink only from the men who sat near him "with breakfasts of bubbling ham and crisped eggs, lamenting the coffee." He curves away from "expensive" American women in the hotel elevator, "their bodies delicately evident under clinging fragile materials, their powdered throats hung with the clotted iridescence of pearls; the cage was filled with soft breathing and faint provocative perfumes—the special lure of flowers which nature had denied to them as women." These brilliant, rigid creatures, "women of my own land," "they failed to interest me"; and as for their men, they were merely men, "correct enough except for their studs." "I escaped," murmurs Mr. Hergesheimer, "I escaped with a sigh of relief into a totally different atmosphere." In a moment we see him, the wicked solitary sybarite, wearing a sprig of orange blossom in his buttonhole, and eating shrimps. The "head waiter, a triumph of intelligent sympathy, conferred with me on the delicate subject of wines," and "I felt equal to prose of matchless loveliness."

But is this man who sits over his bottle of Marquis de Riscal,who shudders while "a sallow individual from without unfolded a bright glazed sheaf of unspeakably stupid American magazines"—is he really as perfect as he seems? He seems like one of that small army of American undergraduates who are nipped by aesthetic sensibility, and who are the main support of Vanity Fair. He seems, as he indulges in Tory soliloquy, like one of those sound young American decadents whose void aches for some experience other than the billboarded landscape that stretches from New York to Philadelphia. Remorselessly he reflects on Woman. The women in the elevator were "creatures," anatomically planned for the sole end of maternity, who had wilfully, wisely I felt, elevated the mere preliminary of their purpose to the position of its whole consummation." Yet, later, "women in starched linen collars, with starched theories of civic consciousness, would hardly be an improvement on fragrant memories of satin, moments of passion and frailty, and the beauty of tenderness". Sex to him is still a little like the bottle of Marquis de Riscal or the "omelette browned in a delicate perfection of powdered sugar." And reform—what a bore! Great lawns "cut up into cabbage patches"! He says a friendly word for rococo. "A maze of clipped box, old emerald sod, represented a timeless striving for superiority, for, at least, the illusion of triumph over the littorals of slime; and their destruction in waves of hysteria, sentimentality and envy was immeasurably disastrous." So he mused, and again, "I had always liked worldly pomp and settings, marble Georgian houses with the long windows open directly on closed greens and statues of lead; and to linger, before going down to dinner, on a minstrel's gallery above a stone hall and gathered company."

So far, this picture might easily be the picture of any youth with a touching devotion to beauty and himself. And Mr. Hergesheimer deepens the impression by an exquisite dilemma as to the right necktie which holds him oscillant in front of his wardrobe trunk. But as one reads on, encouraged by the slow-music style and the preciousness that is honestly attached to sensation, one begins to discover behind the amateur decadence a shy and interesting figure. Somewhere Mr. Hergesheimer says, "The moment to go to Havana was youth, the moment for masked balls and infidelity and champagne: its potency for one lay in its investment of memories; I regarded it as a spectacle set in the tropics. I was an onlooker and not a participant." And elsewhere he says, "but, indebted, I suppose, to my spectacled benevolent appearance, such occasions [of gambling] let me pass unnotified." In these phrases, in a phrase as to a policy of "avoidance rather than protest," one gets a sympathetic idea of Mr. Hergesheimer's real relation to the nagging comedy of life. It is the relation of one for whom the comedy presents definite aesthetic complications, complications which it takes a brutality to overcome. With a thirst for the fruit and yet with a hesitation about biting into it, Mr. Hergesheimer finds in a foreignness like Havana's an invitation he is romantically eager to accept. For him these patios do not need to be opened, it is "easy to imagine them dimly lighted and flooded with perfume, with the scent of magnolias and the whisper of the fountains." And at the cock-fight or in the house of prostitution or at the danzon, there is even a sense of the forbidden which he is still enough of a Presbyterian to find doubly thrilling. "Hugh Walpole," he says, "had warned me of the danger, to me, of parquetry and vermilion Chinese Chippendale; and I was certain that he would speak to me again in the same tone about idling in a mid-Victorian Pompeii, celebrating drink and marble touched by the gilder's brush of late afternoon. Perhaps Walpole—and Henry Mencken's keen friendly discernment—was right; but, damn it, my experience was deficient in material essentials; I was dangerously ignorant of current reality, and I doubted if my style was a suitable instrument for rugged facts." The style, here, is the man, and the man extraordinarily gifted to slide fondlingly around the surfaces of pleasant objects, but with a "damn it" when pressed and challenged.

In having been as a youth "painfully susceptible to mental darkness and fears," Mr. Hergesheimer acquired something besides the minor poet's airy, fairy tone about morals. He acquired, and has here manifested, a responsiveness that is rare. Some of his allurements are part of juvenilia, and some, toward the end, are darkly special and veiled, but in the whole management of his impression of Havana he contrives, even without his soft lyricisms, to englobe the mood of the Spanish-Cuban scene. It is, however, a mood compounded not so much of the strangenesses that Havana luckily provided as of the eagerness in Mr. Hergesheimer himself. For him guitars and candles, long

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shadows and bright shawls, dark eyes and narrow streets and the shadow of a bridge needed only the sky of tropic night to arouse in him a feeling of delicious escape. To play with that feeling, to coin it into "willows along my lower lawn," could hardly help being alluring even to a reader who had never forgotten the famous line of the Chicago poet, "alone with the loon on the lake." But there are moments when one surmises that in the clouds of his Larrañaga and the waves of his Ron Bacardi, Mr. Hergesheimer does feel that this sort of verbal extase is really It. He breathes Turgenev's name, and Henry James's, and then his own. To go so far with him is hardly possible. He is, indeed, gifted, courageous and personal. He is on the road to bringing that young West Chester Presbyterian into the reality of beauty. But many of the gestures and idioms are still not really his own. They come from the wardrobe-mistress and smell of moth-balls. And so it must be until either he become as harsh as Huysmans or else learn to laugh.

F. H.

The Music of the Unconscious

The House of Dust, by Conrad Aiken. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

THE position of Conrad Aiken is one of the paradoxes of contemporary American letters. Aiken is in his early thirties; he has already produced six volumes of poetry, one book of provocative criticism; he is one of the finest verbal musicians in this country; his work is rich in color and incident, thoughtful without being cerebral, distinguished without being bizarre. What, then, is the reason for Aiken's unpopularity? The easiest answer, and one that solves more than half of the puzzle, is the air of futility that rises from his pages. Sometimes querulous, more often resigned, this weariness finds one delicate gradation after another, sinking through faintly luminous clouds to a negation that records itself in Aiken's very titles: Nocturne of Remembered Spring, The Charnel Rose, The House of Dust. Even his book of critical essays frightened off the yea-loving public by calling itself Scepticisms. Slow rain falls and pale moons rise in this poetry. Here the reader is led through soundless labyrinths down muffled stairs to subterranean caves washed by languidly foaming seas. Twilight seems perpetual and a tolling of soft bells, like a lost refrain, makes one hear the burden of

> . . . leaf on falling leaf,
> Rain and sorrow and wind and dust . . .

But there are many who prefer the minor keys to melodies in a too-insistent major. The explanation for Aiken's inability to reach his audience lies deeper. And it lies, I believe, in the success—not in the failure—of his achievement.

Barring his early work, in which several influences—particularly Masefield's—are outstanding, Aiken's poetry has been attempting, in one form or another, to record the interplay between man's dreams and his casual acts, the mingling of memory and the living moment, the hundred daily clashes between realism and fantasy. The Jig of Forslin, a blend of Aiken's early technique and his later preöccupations, is a series of narratives—"a novel of adventure in verse, based on the Freudian psychology"—in which one man runs the gamut of wish fulfillments. Forslin is not so much a character as a congeries of day-dreams, regrets and atavistic hungers. In Senlin (which occupies the first half of The Charnel Rose) the poet takes a greater leap. Here the person acts as the background, the unconscious becomes the hero.

> The city dissolves about us, and its walls
> Become an ancient forest. There is no sound
> Except where an old twig tires and falls;
> Or a lizard among the dead leaves crawls;
> Or a flutter is heard in darkness along the ground.
> Has Senlin become a forest? Do we walk in Senlin?
> Is Senlin the wood we walk in,—ourselves,—the world?
> Senlin! we cry . . . Senlin! again . . . No answer,
> Only soft, broken echoes backward hurled . . .
>
> Yet we would say this is no wood at all,
> But a small white room with lights upon the wall;
> And Senlin, before us, pale, with reddish hair,
> Lights his pipe with a meditative stare.

The fluctuant course of the unconscious is again traced in The House of Dust reaching its logical conclusion—almost a reductio ad absurdum—in Festus, a part of which has appeared in the recent Miscellany of American Poetry. Here one can perceive the crux of the matter. In becoming a more and more sensitive recorder of the half-illusory, half-elusive states of mind, Aiken has recreated that vagueness, that dream-like limbo in which the reader, unwilling to leave a wideawake world, is wearied and lost. And, in yielding to the dictates of this nebular mood, the poet is also lost. He no longer guides the dark current; it directs him. It carries him, half-submerged, past his hearers, beyond himself.

Thus, in Aiken's very fidelity to his purpose, he achieves a tragic success. And the medium which he has chosen to embody contributes to the effect with a narcotic power. Here is a music practically perfect in its watery atmosphere; a music threading its way through drowned forests, rising like a mist of many colors. It is the music of a hypnotized Chopin, a disillusioned Debussy; in its stopped horns and muted violins one can hear

> The profound gloom of bells among still trees,
> Like a rolling of huge boulders beneath seas.

But it adheres remorselessly to its program. Aiken persists in making his poems as much like symphonies as possible—dividing them into movements, re-stating and developing his leit-motifs, using certain phrases as leading themes—forgetting that the two arts have a few basic differences that it is well to keep separate. In attempting to capture the province of absolute music, by overemphasizing the sensuous quality and tonal value of words, the poet loses the very vitality and rigor which is the life-blood of language. Even as a musician he fails to hold his magic except during brief passages, for Aiken is so indiscriminate in his use of the rich melodic line that his language loses not only its strength but its variability.

What then is the future of so unadjusted a talent? Must Aiken cultivate cacophony to save his fine, translunar melodies? Will the next step—granting that he can go no further in pursuit of the music of the unconscious—be the return to a simpler form, a condensation of the exquisite Variations, the lyrical interludes in Turns and Movies and the subtly articulated Morning Song from Senlin? Or, developing the dramatic impulse manifest in Forslin and such vivid narratives as The Fulfilled Dream (in The House of Dust) will Aiken find himself in the poetic play

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or a sharply condensed novel? Either development will be natural, and rich in possible result. One thing still stands in his way—the inhibition that has kept Aiken's work remote and unresolved. All artists may be rudely divided into two classes: those who accept and those who evade the world. Aiken, like many of his contemporaries, has remained in a third class—a class comprising those who are torn by their indecision, being unable either to accept modern life or to reject it.

Take my hand, then, walk with me
By the slow soundless crashings of a sea,
Down miles on miles of glistening mirrorlike sand,—
Take my hand
And walk with me once more by crumbling walls;
Up mouldering stairs where gray-stemmed ivy clings,
To hear forgotten bells, as evening falls,
Rippling above us invisibly their slowly widening rings . . .
Did you once love me? Did you bear a name?
Did you once stand before me without shame? . . .
Take my hand: your face is one I know,
I loved you, long ago.

With a fresh point of departure and a genuine adjustment to the world of reality, Aiken may find a larger power and a wider audience. And, whether the medium be prose or verse, his sensitivity need not be lost; it may well add new values to the roaring diapason of our day.

LOUIS UNTERMEYER.

The Behavior of Crowds

The Behavior of Crowds—a Psychological Study, by Everett Dean Martin. New York: Harper and Brothers.

THE reader of this brave book will encounter three main ingredients: direct and penetrating observation of actual crowds; explanation in terms of the Freudian psychology of how they behave; and a moral attitude that comes down in a direct line from the spirit of William James. But there is little doubt about the order of Mr. Martin's interest. His conclusions about the crowd are his feelings about the crowd; his psycho-analytic method strengthens those feelings and explains them. But he would have come to the same conclusion had Freud never been heard from. In fact I should be willing to wager that the kernel of Mr. Martin's last chapter antedates by many years his knowledge of the Freudian technique.

And that accounts, I believe, for the strength and the weakness of the book. Its greatest strength is that it is a splendid sermon: "I am sick of this oozing democracy. There must be something crystalline and insoluble left in democratic America. Somewhere there must be people with sharp edges that cut when they are pressed too hard, people who are still solid, who have impenetrable depths in them and hard facets which reflect the sunlight. They are the hope of democracy, these infusible ones." (p. 286) And again: "There must be an increase in the number of unambitious men, men who can rise above vulgar dilemmas and are deaf to crowd propaganda, men capable of philosophical tolerance, critical doubt and inquiry, genuine companionship, and voluntary cooperation in the achievement of common ends, free spirits who can smile in the face of the mob, who know the mob and are not to be taken in by it." (p. 285)

At the other pole is crowd-mindedness. Mr. Martin has observed it directly with an experienced eye. He has also, I think, brought what he knows about crowds into intelligible relation with what he has read of the Freudians. To understand Mr. Martin's theory you have first to adjust your mind to his use of the word "crowd." "Not every gathering of people," he writes, "shows this crowd mentality . . . . In this discussion the word 'crowd' must be understood to mean the peculiar mental condition which *sometimes* (Italics mine) occurs when people think and act together, either immediately when the members of the group are present and in close contact, or remotely, as when they affect one another in a certain way through the medium of an organization, a party or sect, the press, etc." The state of mind which *sometimes* occurs is a loss of all perspective in contact with the outside world. In the grip of the crowd spirit, beliefs are absolute. They are governed by the emotion within regardless of the evidence outside. And that means, of course, that a crowd is not only intolerant and irrational, but that it may become a creature of fury moved by lusts and cruelties wholly outside the pale of civilized living.

All the crowd-psychologists have observed these facts. Where Mr. Martin has gone them one better is in applying to the crowd-mind the Freudian theory of dreams, delusions, and various forms of automatic behavior. That theory, it will be recalled, assumes two checks upon the unbridled play of instinct: the hard facts of the outer world and the moral standards of the group. It argues that in sleep and delusion both checks are considerably relaxed, and that a fictitious world results, uncontradicted by facts, much less controlled by moral ideals. Here instincts, otherwise held down, find imaginary outlets in imaginary behavior. Mr. Martin's argument is that in certain forms of social contact there is a similar relaxing of control. It occurs when all the people of whom one is aware see the same set of facts in the same way and have the same instinctive desires about them. Then these desires, uncontradicted by other facts, and sanctioned by social approval, take possession of men's bodies, and the crowd is formed.

Its thinking, Mr. Martin believes, follows the pattern of the absolutist philosophies. And that leads to his conclusions. He seeks a development of that Humanism which in our time has been identified with the names of James, Dewey and Schiller. But he joins to it a cure and a prophylaxis derived from the Freudians. So he argues that the remedy for crowd-mindedness is a psycho-analytic understanding of it together with a pragmatic education of the individual.

I have, of course, not done justice to the quality of the book, the excellent bits of observation, to its sagacity, its essential fairness, and to Mr. Martin's own freedom from crowd-mindedness. These pages contain the material for the most important sermon, which any one dealing with ethics, could preach today. So far as "liberalism" has played a role in the world since the tragedy at Paris, it has been as the spearhead of opposition to the crowd-mindedness engendered by war. Since 1919 liberalism has had no power in the government of human affairs, but in spite of all its faults it has exercised a profound influence, first, by keeping alive a faith in humanism, second by courageous analysis of the violence of crowd-mindedness as it appears both in the patrioteer and revolutionist. There has been plenty of other work to do beside that, but for teachers, preachers and moralists, none more honorable and more

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Back of the Harper Name 104 Years of Good Books

By the author of "THE GREAT DESIRE"

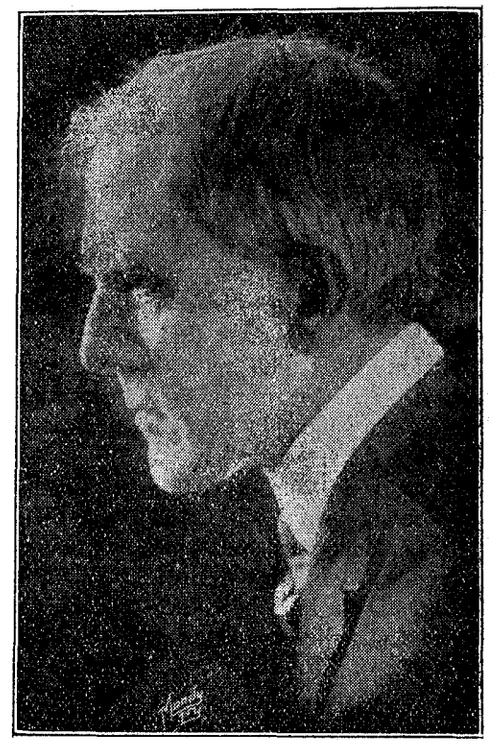
The SEVENTH ANGEL

The seventh angel of Revelations precipitated the calamity which Mr. Black has characterized as "The Plague of Confusion." The present story is set against the background of a new Seventh Plague as viewed from modern New York.

By ALEXANDER BLACK

SOME readers say of the "Seventh Angel" that it is stronger than "The Great Desire." Some are content to say that it matches the qualities of the book described by William Dean Howells as of "very uncommon power," by the *Chicago Tribune* as "one of the first definite links between the old order and the new in novel writing," and by the British Weekly as "depicted with the hand of a master."

One fact is plain. Alexander Black has won a distinguished audience of his own.



Readers of "The Great Desire" have been multiplying by thousands each month since its publication. That book has been greeted in London as "extraordinarily vivid and brilliant," and by American critics with an uncommon enthusiasm.

The SEVENTH ANGEL

is peculiarly an Alexander Black book. It goes on breaking the rules of "form"—and looking straight into the heart of things.

Should a woman reveal to her dearest friend the fact of a past mistake? This is a central question in the story of two American girls who return from France with high expectation, each in her own way, that the world is to be made over. Against the background of "the plague of confusion" Mr. Black traces a love drama that presents more than one new situation in the feverish life of today's New York.

It looks at the Great Confusion—at today's women, at the released conscientious objector, at Big Business, at Reds, at labor, and at love. It faces Today.

It has, in a heightened degree, three qualities ascribed to "The Great Desire"—it has "insight, humor and charm."

Wherever books are sold—$2.

Canadian Representative: The Musson Book Company, Ltd., 263 Adelaide Street, West, Toronto, Ont.

Est. 1817 Harper & Brothers New York

Please mention The New Republic when writing to advertisers.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

healing. To all of them Mr. Martin's book will be a stimulus and an illumination.

But Mr. Martin would be the last to wish criticism to stop with emphasis laid only on the strength of his book. I said at the beginning that the psycho-analytic portions might never have existed, and that Mr. Martin would nevertheless, because he is the kind of person he is, and because of his philosophy, have come to the same conclusion about crowds. That does not detract from the moral value of the book for me, because I believe the conclusions to be sound. But it does detract from their intellectual value, and therefore from the influence which they ought otherwise to exercise over education.

Mr. Martin was clearly aware of some difficulty here for in his preface he writes apologetically that some may feel that his solution—a new educational method,—is too vague. They will feel that, I think, because he has left his new method vague. And he has left it vague, not because he has failed to give details, but because he has not made the connections between his analysis and his ideal. The connection exists undoubtedly, but it is implied rather than traced. The reader does not see how crowd-mindedness employing absolutist formulae is to be converted into freedom of mind employing the pragmatic method. To be sure Mr. Martin advises a psycho-analytic criticism. But though an important preliminary, that is not the whole of a re-education. The other part of it is a positive method of dealing with social phenomena, a method inspired by Humanism, but a great deal more complicated than the assertion of individuality against the encroachment of the crowd. In other words, a new educational method calls for a social philosophy that is really an instrument for dealing with the Great Society.

Now I do not, of course, criticize Mr. Martin for not having invented it. But I feel that he would have had less doubts about his own solution, and would have integrated himself better with the general advance of social science, if he had more definitely, and more hospitably, made a place for economics and politics, and the study of institutions. The one thing I definitely dislike in his book is a loose and inaccurate use of the word "mental," and a certain disdain for the concrete planning of social organization. For it is the concrete planning, it is the substitution of objective criteria, and of quantitative analysis, which will some day make up the texture of a public thinking freed from crowd-delusions. The educator must join to drastic analysis of crowd thinking a positive method of social thought.

Mr. Martin was led astray, I think, by hearing too often the radical shibboleth that if you change the "system" all will be well. His sense of the absurdity of that has overflowed into his feelings about all social organizations. With his revulsion against the system-mongers I wholly agree. But it is one thing to talk about systems as panaceas, and quite radically another to use your pragmatism on the development of an intellectual method for dealing with institutions. Perhaps in the end Mr. Martin's greatest difficulty is the lack of a first-hand conception of institutions. He seems to imply that they are not "things of the mind." Is he quite certain that he knows in this respect what "things of the mind" are?

If his analysis at this point is a little loose, it is because of his concentration on other matters, not because of any inherent disability. Mr. Martin has unusual powers, and knows mighty well how to use them. And so I hope that some day he will make his concluding chapter into a book about education, for his eye is unclouded, he is beyond fear, there is fire in his belly, and he has seen vividly the greatest weakness of popular government.

W. L.

Selected Current Books

Ariosto, Shakespeare and Corneille, by Benedetto Croce. Holt.

A translation of three long critical studies.

Life of Goethe, by P. Hume Brown, edited by Viscount Haldane. Two volumes. Holt.

Viscount Haldane has given a final touch to this biography by his friend Professor Hume Brown, who died in 1918. It is described by the London Times as "unequalled by any previous English biography" in judgment, learning and research.

The Age of the Reformation, by Preserved Smith. Holt.

The Reformation in 861 pages.

Emerson, How to Know Him, by Samuel McChord Crothers. Bobbs Merrill.

A biographical interpretation.

Edgar Allan Poe, by C. Alphonso Smith. Bobbs Merrill.

A biographical interpretation.

The Friend of the Family, by Fyodor Dostoevsky. Macmillan.

Completing volume of Constance Garnett's translation.

Figures of Earth, by James Branch Cabell. McBride.

A "comedy of appearances," dedicated to Sinclair Lewis, Wilson Follett, Louis Untermeyer, H. L. Mencken, Hugh Walpole and Joseph Hergesheimer.

The War of the Future, by General von Bernhardi, Appleton.

The military game "in the light of the lessons of the world war."

Aspects of Literature, by J. Middleton Murry. Knopf.

A book of critical essays and essays on criticism.

The Sand Doctor, by Arnold Mulder. Houghton Mifflin.

A man, his wife and her lover, against the background of the sand dunes of the Great Lakes.

Quicksands of Youth, by Franklin Chase Hoyt. Scribners.

Youth's "encounter with the law" described by the presiding Justice of the Children's Court, New York.

Contributors

M. E. Ravage is the author of An American in the Making and an occasional contributor to the New Republic.

Helen Coale Crew is a Bryn Mawr graduate and a writer of verse and short stories.

Sidney Howard is a graduate of the University of California, where he was a student under Carleton H. Parker. He served with the American Ambulance in France and the Balkans a year before the United States entered the war. He afterwards held the rank of Captain in the U. S. Air Service, and was Flight Commander of the 20th Aero Squadron. He brought down three German planes and was decorated with the Croix de Guerre and the D. S. C.

Henry De Man was head of the Labor College in Belgium. While in America he lectured at the Seattle Labor College, Seattle, Washington. He has recently returned to Belgium.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED